HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment,
If anything can;
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world;
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man:
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick;
And our earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl?
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!
—*Mary Brainard.*

The Deacon's Daughter.

Dora Maxwell was the prettiest girl in Dacre—a village which produced crops of pretty girls, just as naturally as it did big rocks, shaded roads, cool glens, and picturesque and highly dangerous waterfalls.

Everyone liked Dora! The young men, because she was handsome and unaffected; the girls, because she was amiable, and always had the prettiest patterns of any one in the village, and was quite ready to lend them; and the mammas, on account of her substantial charms—such broad meadows, such goodly cattle, such stores of linen made up by the hands of the thrifty Dora, such wealth of massive silver and old-fashioned china as belonged to Deacon Maxwell, and a goodly portion of which must go to his eldest and handsomest daughter, would have made even a squint, red hair, and bad temper endurable in their eyes.

So all the village regarded her as a sort of personal property, and every mother who had a marriageable son watched over her with a vigilance and interest truly surprising, and which ought utterly to confound those who don't believe in the natural goodness and purity of human nature. Spite of which, in her twenty-third year, Dora was Dora Maxwell still—a fact which she didn't take at all to heart, though some of the envious had commenced to whisper, "old maid."

It was the first Sunday in June, a warm, balmy, smiling, fragrant morning, just deepening into noon, as the deacon and his family came home from church. Mrs. Maxwell had on her loose dress, and was fanning herself by the window, while Dora and her two sisters, having laid away their hats and parasols, were getting dinner, when their mother exclaimed: "Dear me, if there ain't Eph Schenck comin' up the walk." The girls giggled, and Dora reddened.

Eph Schenck was a long, tall, shambling, freckled, red-haired youth, who had a disagreeable way of driving over to church from his father's farm (ten miles distant), and then concluding to take dinner with Deacon Maxwell. She knew just how it would be. He would sit there, in that corner, by the eight-day clock, his chair tipped back, his huge mouth open and his eyes fastened on her in stupid admiration. He would choke himself at dinner, and break out in a perspiration, trying to say something tender in her ear. He would go with them to church, and tumble up the steps; he would tread on her dress and tear it; he would insist on singing out of the same book with her, and to a doleful tune of his own imagining; he would stare at her during the sermon, and wipe his shining forehead, alternately, till he had all the younger portion of the congregation engaged in doing their best not to giggle. He would go back and choke himself again at tea, and after tea father would go out to look at the chickens, and mother and the girls to see about the work, and then who could tell if he wouldn't take it into his stupid head to ask her to be Mrs. Eph Schenck. Down went the cloth from Dora's hand as this last dreadful possibility presented itself to her mind, and away she ran, like a startled deer, across the garden and out of a little back gate into the broad meadow, where in her haste she almost rushed into the arms of James Van Buskirk, the clear-headed son of a good-for-nothing father, who bade fair to retrieve the position which his father had lost, but being only half way up the hill, was only partially countenanced by all those prudent and worthy people who will nearly shake your hand off when you are safely at the top.

Dora was about to pass him with a dignified bow, but the young man, whose dark eyes were dancing with mischief, stopped her, by gravely inquiring: If she had the dyspepsia, and was running for exercise?

"No, sir, I am in a hurry," tartly answered Dora, who thought that it was none of his business.

"Oh!" indeed, don't let me detain you then," and turning, he coolly walked on beside her.

Dora bit her lip. James Van Buskirk was the smartest, the worthiest, and the most agreeable young man of her acquaintance; but she was a Maxwell. She would not be uncivil to Mr. Van Buskirk, but of course she could not encourage him; and holding her head at a much loftier angle than usual, she marched on erect, and in silence.

"I think I saw Mr. Schenck drive by a few minutes ago," remarked James, "did I not?"

"It is quite likely, but what of it?"

"Nothing, only it struck me as a little extraordinary, that according to my calculation you must have gone out the back door precisely as he entered the front one."

This was too much for Dora's gravety, and she burst into a hearty laugh.

"You may think it does not concern me," proceeded the young man, with the same imperturbable gravity, "but I am only in pursuit of information. Am I to understand, Miss Maxwell, that when I wish to see you, my best way will be to knock at your father's door, and then take the shortest cut for the meadow!"

Dora could scarcely credit her senses. James Van Buskirk visit her? Wish to see her? In doubt whether to give him a saucy, or a coldly-scornful answer, she looked up; but, in spite of herself, her cheek glowed with blushes, and her eyes fell before the kindling glance that met her own. James smiled to himself.

"You have not answered me," he said, after a short pause.

"I—I don't know what you mean," she stammered. "My father's house is open to all."

The young man shook his head.

"I do not doubt that, but that is not the question. It is you I care for. Will you receive me? Do you say that I may come?"

Dora was silent.

"Speak," he said, impetuously. "I have no fear or shame in asking you to be my wife, heiress though you are. I want nothing that is your father's, nor would I take it; but I swear to you, that if you will only have the courage to acknowledge the love that I know has long been in your heart, I will at no distant day place you in a position far above the one in which you now are."

Dora trembled, for his words awakened echoes in her heart for which she could nowise account; but pride and prejudice is strong—stronger than love, and she only answered:

"Here we are at Mrs. Fleming's. Good morning, Mr. Van Buskirk," and flitted away up the walk before he could stop her.

Summer merged into autumn, autumn gave way to winter, but no greater changes took place around her than were developing themselves in the mental economy of our little Dora. From that memorable Sunday, James had never approached her. She had met him constantly in attendance on other girls, and especially with the squire's daughter—whom, it was whispered, he was about to marry—and he always bowed gravely to her, but no more. How handsome he was! how dull and insignificant other young men seemed beside him. What a good son he was! What a rising young man! With what manliness had he addressed her! Why did he never speak to her now? Such were the thoughts that were continually running in the foolish little girl's head, and that especially tormented her, as she was on her way to the wedding at Farmer Wentworth's. Would she meet him there? It was the first frolic of the season, and her heart throbbed at the idea. She stopped at the door, and looked into the large "keeping room," where was going on a most vigorous handshaking, and how-de-doing.

"How are ye?" said a voice close in her ear. "Feel skeery? I do. Let's go in together, and kinder take the edge off," Eph Schenck's arm was thrust out to her, like a bent pumphandle. "Lots of folks here," pursued Eph. "Knew there would be. Folks allers likes to come here, they give such good feeds. Gracious! there's Jim Van Buskirk. Ain't he fixed up? Look at that air shirt, and them studs! Guess he thinks he's some, now he's goin' to marry the squire's darter." Dora looked up in time to meet the roguish glance of James, who had heard Eph's remarks. "There comes the bride," went on the inexorable. "Nice gal she is. Should a made up to her myself, only I'd made up my mind for some one else. They say she's had nine new dresses made. How would you like to be married, and have so many gowns?" Fortunately the ceremony here intervened, and Eph was obliged to be quiet, but scarcely was it over, when he commenced again. "That's quick done, ain't it now? Nuthin' so dreadful, is it, after all? Come on. Everyone's goin' up to kiss and shake hands, and then they'll go in for supper."

Dora looked around her in desperation. There was a small door open behind her, which led, as she well knew, into the kitchen; and without stopping to reflect, she darted through it and began to run toward home all the faster that she fancied she heard Eph behind her, till in her haste she stumbled over the root of a tree, and fell to the ground, spraining her ankle severely.

"How could you be so imprudent, and what made you run so?" said James' voice, the moment after, as he stood by her side. "Did you think I would let you go home so? Are you hurt?"

"I don't know," answered Dora, faintly. He stooped and tried to raise her. She groaned and shrank back. "I'm afraid that I can't stand."

"Then I will carry you," he said promptly.

"But I am so heavy, and it is so far."

"I wish it was twice the distance," he whispered. Dora made no reply, but her head rested quite confidentially on his shoulder, and her little hand lay against his cheek. He carried her in silence, till they could see the lights of the deacon's house. "Now, Dora, speak," he burst out. "You have had a long time to reflect. Quick, Dora, for this is the last time I shall ask you."

It was the faintest of all possible whispers that answered him; but if James' face, when he reached the light, was any index of his feelings, it must have been a satisfactory one.

There was a wedding shortly after. All the mammas with marriageable sons shook their heads, and the deacon and Mrs. Maxwell groaned whenever it was referred to, and said they'd done their best, but Dora was a headstrong girl, and the will of Providence must be done.

There was none of the "linen, and china, and plate" went into the cottage that James fitted up for his bride, and all the broad lands and fine cattle remained for the dowry of the other two girls. There were few visitors, either, at the cottage, and of these very few who ever failed to lament, in a roundabout way, over "Dora's dreadful mistake," as her family called it; but James only laughed, while his wife obstinately persisted in growing handsomer and merrier every day, and the last I heard of them he had fulfilled the promise he made her on that June morning, and the deacon was speaking with exceeding respect and pride of his son-in-law, Senator Van Buskirk.

Inoculation Against Yellow Fever.

One of the very latest theories of inoculation to prevent disease is the alleged discovery of a well known physician of Mexico—Dr. Carmona—of the cause or causes of yellow fever and his peculiar praventive to protect a person against this dread disease. Eminent American and European physicians have for many years been investigating this important matter, with the view of discovering some way or some plan whereby the mortality in certain parts of the world from yellow fever might be lessened. This Mexican physician claims that he has discovered the cause of this disease to be a microscopic fungus, and he asserts that by inoculating this fungus in the blood persons can be protected from yellow fever in the same way as vaccination is a security against smallpox. Whether his plan is feasible and will accomplish the greatly desired results time and careful investigation will alone determine.—*Panama Star and Herald.*

Bret Harte has written a poem "On a Naughty Little boy, Sleeping." This, says the Springfield *Union*, recalls some very striking lines on a naughty little boy, wide awake, produced by a rhythmical mother, that we knew a good many years ago.

Thousands on thousands of men in London live the year round at the rate of ten or twelve pence a day, equal to twenty-four cents of American money, inclusive of food with shelter.

CURIOUS PEOPLE.

THE MARRIAGE OF DIME MUSEUM CURIOSITIES.

Midgets and Giants Mated—The Living Skeleton Who Married a Pretty Girl—The Love of Other Freaks.

"Freaks fall in love, fall out of it, marry, have children, grow jealous, wander off to other fancies, and are happy and miserable just like ordinary people," said a dime museum official, "and they make some of the queerest matches imaginable. It is said that in selecting life partners people generally choose their opposites, and it is certainly true of freaks. There was Mrs. Hannah Battersby, one of the fattest of all fat women. Her husband, John Battersby, was a living skeleton. No sooner were they married than she began to lose flesh and he to gain it. His weight increased so rapidly that he soon became too stout to exhibit as a skeleton, and, like Othello, his occupation was gone.

"Baron Littlefinger," the Italian dwarf, is only a little over three feet high, but he married a woman who stands five feet six inches in her stockings. They have had children, one of whom is already larger than his father. Dwarfs very frequently seem to fancy people of large size. This was the case with Che Mah, the Chinese dwarf, who married Louise Coleman, a full size, attractive young lady of Brooklyn. They had some trouble in getting married at first, because the lady was a Catholic and no priest could be found who would marry her to a heathen Chinee. But this difficulty was overcome by finding some other ecclesiastic or some magistrate who consented to tie the knot.

"Just as dwarfs prefer large people, so giants seem to find their affinity among those of low stature. Colonel Goshen, a man about eight feet in height, married a woman rather under the medium size. Colonel Bates, another very tall giant, was married to at least one or two ordinary-sized women before he wedded his present wife, Anna Swan, the Nova Scotia giantess. This couple have a delightful residence at Seville, Ohio, that is quite like a giant's castle out of a fairy story. The ceilings and doors are of great height, while the beds, tables, chairs and other furniture are like that described of 'Jack, the Giant Killer.'

"Quite often freaks show excellent judgment in their matrimonial ventures and marry persons admirably suited to them in all respects. Every one knows how happily Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb lived together, and the latter bids fair to be equally contented in her second marriage with Count Maggi, the nobly born Italian dwarf. Then, there is Pat O'Brien, the Irish giant, who married the German giantess. They are a splendidly matched couple, and, with their bouncing baby, are as happy as clams at high tide.

"Freaks make their strongest matches when they marry persons in no way connected with the business. They appear to have an irresistible fascination for some people, and the more monstrous and repulsive they are the greater seems their power to charm. I once saw a very pretty, well-dressed young girl gazing with an expression of the most intense admiration at Tom, of Tom and Hattie, the well-known Australian wild children, who is a driveling imbecile. For fully half an hour she stood apparently spell-bound, and it was only by the most earnest entreaties and the use of gentle force that her friends were finally able to induce her to leave the spot. Everybody who reads the newspapers must remember how a handsome Brooklyn girl of good family was completely fascinated by "Charlie," one of Barnum's blackest, most repulsive Zulus, a few years ago, and married him in spite of all her friends could do.

"The first tactooed man ever on exhibition in this country was a Greek sea captain, said by some people to have been a pirate, who traveled with the Barnum show, and had a number of very handsome diamonds. He had been made a prisoner by the inhabitants of some savage island and tattooed as a means of torture. There was not a place on his entire body the size of a pin's head that had not been treated in this way. His face was tattooed in such a manner as to make him anything but attractive in appearance, and his savage tormentors even shaved off his hair and tattooed every inch of his scalp. Notwithstanding these drawbacks he married a very handsome American woman, who was devoted to him. Instead of the harmless pigment generally used by tattooers the savages employed indigo, which finally produced blindness and other serious ailments.

"Everybody will remember J. B. Garrison, the living skeleton we had on exhibition at Ninth and Arch streets during the season of 1883-84, who acquired such celebrity under the sobriquet of the 'Skeleton Bridegroom,' from his having charmed and married a woman of West Philadelphia. Her parents and friends declared that she was temporarily insane, but most probably she was only suffering from that power of fascination which freaks seem to have over many people. You would have been greatly surprised if you could have seen the large number of love letters which Garrison daily received.

"Apropos of the skeleton bridegroom, before going into the museum business he was a merchant on South Eighth street. Although his body was so thin his face always continued quite plump, and when dressed in ordinary costume there was nothing in his appearance to indicate that he was so very much leaner than many others. When dressed in a skin-fitting black shirt and tights, however, his extraordinary thinness was very apparent. There are many other people walking our streets who could do the skeleton business to perfection if they were dressed in the same way. Poor Garrison died of consumption very shortly after his wife had obtained a legal separation from him and a few weeks after marriage. His real name was Charles Fowler.

"In Pittsburg, some years ago, when Major Burnell, an old showman, long since gathered to his fathers, ran a museum on Fifth avenue, his list of curiosities, included a Circassian girl. A fine young fellow of about twenty years, belonging to one of the wealthiest and best families of the Smoky city, saw her in the show, fell in love with her, made her acquaintance, and was soon engaged to be married to her. His mother, who, until he came of age, had absolute control of the fortune left him by his father, threatened to withdraw all support from him meanwhile unless he gave up the girl. As a consequence he became insane and was placed in an insane asylum. There he passed his twenty-first birthday and came into his property. Shortly afterward the doctors declared him perfectly cured and discharged him. He immediately hunted up his lovely Circassian and married her. At last accounts they were living in a magnificent residence on Squirrel Hill, one of the toniest places about Pittsburg, surrounded by a fine growing family and as happy as dickey birds.

"Some freaks never get married. There is Millie Christine, the double-headed colored girl. She has had many offers, but declined them all, apparently not caring to follow the example of the late Siamese twins, each of whom married and raised a family."—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Exercise for Aged People.

M. Bouchardat, professor of hygiene at the Paris faculty of medicine, protested in strong terms at a recent lecture against the advice given by some hygienists who recommend almost complete rest to the aged, in the following terms: "I protest against the oft repeated adage that old age is the age of rest. This sentence has led to a very great error in hygiene. The regular general exercise of all organs of nutrition and of locomotion is necessary to persons of all ages. The greatest attention on this point is all the more necessary that the tendency to rest brings on a gradual diminution of the strength.

"If the old man does not resist, his strength will visibly and progressively diminish, and the few days he may have to live may be transformed into just so many hours. In proof that regular daily exercise is beneficial to the aged, one has only to observe the results in some of the handsomest old men, who take little or no rest. Moderate exercise, particularly walking, should be the leading precept of the hygiene of the aged, without which longevity is well-nigh impossible."

Professor Bouchardat also recommends that old people should maintain their intellectual faculties, or otherwise they will get into a state of incurable torpor. This is best accomplished by having some steady intellectual pursuit, aid by taking an active interest in the events and progress of the day. In our boyhood we remember a very old man, who told us he kept in as perfect health as an old man can be by chopping wood for an hour or two every day. This he regarded as sufficient exercise for him. Another old man we know finds his health greatly benefited by sawing wood with the ordinary buck saw.—*Herald of Health.*

Till the Doctor Comes.

A family doctor says in *Cassell's:* At Inverness last summer, I saw from a distance a little boy fall from the high wall near the bridge—I being at the other side of the river—a height of probably fifteen feet. A sturdy Highlander marched around and shouldered him. From the shrieks of the lad thus roughly mounted, I felt sure a bone was broken, and found out afterward I was right.

The accident puts me in mind to say here that we cannot be too careful in the manner we lift or carry a person who has received an injury of this kind.

Oh! fancy, if you can, the agony produced from, say, a fractured thigh rudely handled, the jagged end of the bone perhaps thrust through the quivering flesh.

Keep a wounded or injured person on the level if possible; be very, very gentle. The handiest of all stretchers is a large shutter or door, with a mattress or pillows on it. Or a plaid or blanket used as a hammock will do, or a net hammock itself if one be handy.

While one party is carrying home, or to a chemist's shop, the injured person, some one must be sent to procure surgical assistance.

The sooner surgical aid is got, the more chance of a speedy recovery will the patient have.

Be careful not to give brandy in injuries to the head. You might commit a fatal error.

The best way to distinguish a fracture from a dislocation is to find out by manipulation whether there is motion in the injured part. In dislocation the bone is immovably fixed.

Many dislocations can be treated successfully on the spot by the sufferer's friends.

Just a word about street accidents. Somehow or other, in such cases, one of the crowd usually turns out to be a surgeon, but if not, let one be speedily fetched. Meanwhile, ask the crowd, with all respect due to crowds in the latter end of the nineteenth century, to stand back and give the patient air. On a summer day he may do better, for a time, out of doors than in a shop. I got a man on to a hand-cart once, and there he remained until the first shock of the accident was dispelled. But I kept the crowd at bay, and as quiet as possible. Nothing is more likely to make bad worse than a yelling crowd, crying, "Do this," or "Do that," round an injured man.

Hunting for Grouse.

"Occasionally a mighty Nimrod from the city comes out to hunt game in my neighborhood," said a Greenfield farmer yesterday. "A few days ago I saw a swell of a chap edging up through my sugar bush to the wheat field. He had on long-legged boots, and was toggled and belted and strapped out in regular hunting fashion. He looked just too purty for anything. He carried a darling of a gun, and he went dodging around as if he expected to start up a Bengal tiger from behind every stump. I took a short cut to the barn and turned the old peacock loose. The old bird understood what was wanted of him. He pulled down his eye at me and started for the back lots. I followed down along the fence, and pretty soon I saw the swell-hunter break cover from the woods. He was after quail, and he soon sighted the peacock. The bird had his tail fanned out and his head up, and could be seen half a mile away. Nimrod got his gun off his shoulder and began to creep up, and by and by he blazed away. I saw the whole charge of shot tear into the ground yards away from the old bird, but he knew his business. Down he fell, wings and legs flopping, and pretty soon he expired. The young man with the darling of a gun reached him about the same time I did.

"'Beautiful shot,' says he.

"'I reckon,' says I, 'but what are you hunting?'

"'Grouse,' says he, 'and this is the finest one I ever saw.'

"'Grouse, you numbskull, but you have killed my peacock!'

"'Well, the usual results followed. His chin began to quiver, the cold sweat started out, and he wanted to know how much I would take to let him off. I sent him to the house to see the old woman. She has got a way of wiping her eyes and choking her voice over the death of that peacock which always brings in $5 extra. She let this young swell off for $10, which is the usual price, and as he started down the highway for Detroit the old bird got up and marched back to the barn with a chuckle that set every hen to laughing. That's five times we've played it on the swell Nimrods within six months, and I expect more fun this summer than a horse can draw."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

What they Thought—Couldn't Fool Her—Romance of Chunder Ram Chowder — "My Lord, the Juke"—Lost Collar Button.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed a Detroiter as he met a lawyer at the postoffice yesterday; "but a very funny thing occurred in connection with my trip to Chicago last week."

"Yes."

"Stopped at one of the big hotels, you know, and the night I came away I forgot to pay my bill. Yes, sir; walked right off without saying a word, and never thought of the matter again until half way home."

"I see."

"Wonder what they'll think?"

"Why," replied the lawyer, as he drew a letter from his pocket, "they have already forwarded me a requests to sue and collect. The bill is $9.75, and my fees are $1.25. Please call at the office at once and save expense!"—*Free Press.*

Couldn't Fool Her.

As Mr. Krewskin was going home the other day at noon, he saw the wagon of a traveling photographer.

"I will stop and have a few tintypes taken, just for fun," he mentally remarked, entering the peripatetic establishment.

"There," said the photographer, showing him a proof, "I think that is a pretty good likeness."

Krewskin looked at it with a puzzled expression, and finally said: "I guess it'll do." When he got home he showed the tintype to his wife, and jokingly told her it was a picture of the "Wild Man from Borneo," down in the dime museum.

"You can't fool me," said his wife, examining the picture critically. "I've seen the wild man from Borneo, and he is not half so homely and frightful looking as this."

Romance of Chunder Ram Chowder.

Chunder Ram Chowder, the Reverend Marmalade of Dowwal agalla, when a young prince, was enamored of a beautiful girl, the daughter of a merchant. He pawned his dress suit, and for three days fed the object of his love with ice cream and caramels. At the end of this short siege, having persuaded her that his facilities were unequaled for continuing to supply her with unlimited quantities of caramels and ice cream for an indefinite period, she yielded and agreed to depart with him to the wilderness. That night, while the prince was loitering under her window with a ladder, her father appeared and kicked him clear over the top of a grove of banyan trees, and when he came down a bull dog as big as a yearling calf, was waiting for him, and sat down with him to a plain but substantial luncheon, at which, however, the prince ate nothing. The next morning, on his way to the hospital, the beautiful girl met him and said, reproachfully:

"Last night you were to fly with me."

"Ah, yes," replied Chunder Ram Chowder, "but last night your father was too fly for me."

He then entered the convent of the Hadda Nuff Chang, who took upon themselves vows of celibacy and wore sheet iron trousers; nor did he again see his charmer until five years afterward, when he met her at the funeral of her third husband, the other two having been divorced.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

"My Lord, the Juke."

The late Charles Kean was once fulfilling an engagement at one of the smaller country theatres, the "stock" of which did not contain many future Henry Irvings—in short, the corps dramatique was decidedly mediocre.

At the rehersal the eminent tragedian was much shocked when one of the actors, who had to assume a very minor character in the piece, announced to him, "My lord, the dook!"

"My good man," said Mr. Kean, "for heaven's sake be careful not to say that at night; the correct word is duke—duke."

The humble Thespian announced that it would be "all right" at night.

The scene was gone through again, when the actor, who was not good at pronunciation, this time announced, "My lord, the juke!"

This was too much for Kean's irritable temperament. There was a storm on that stage. The delinquent was handed over to the care of a more intelligent member of the company, to be well drilled for the evening.

The night came, the luckless utility man was in a state of excessive nervousness, and had to be almost pushed on the stage. When he got before the great man, the small modicum of self-possession he had left entirely deserted him, and he hastily blurted out, "My lord, the dook—duke—juke!" Tableau.

The Lost Collar Button.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, feeling up the chimney, "have you seen my gold collar button?"

"I saw it the day you bought it," answered Mrs. Spoopendyke, cheerily, "and I thought it very pretty. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause I've lost the measly thing," returned Mr. Spoopendyke, running the broom handle up into the cornice, and shaking it as if it were a carpet.

"You don't suppose it is up there, do you?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Where did you leave it?"

"Left it in my shirt. Where do you suppose I'd leave it—in the hash?" and Mr. Spoopendyke tossed over the things in his wife's writing desk, and looked out of the window after it.

"Where did you leave your shirt?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Where did I leave my shirt? Where do you suppose I left it? Where does a man generally leave his shirt, Mrs. Spoopendyke? Think I left it in the ferry-boat? Got an idea that I left it at prayer meeting, haven't you? Well, I didn't. I left it off, Mrs. Spoopendyke; that's where I left it. I left it off! Hear me!" and Mr. Spoopendyke pulled the clothes out of the cedar chest that hadn't been unlocked for a month.

"Where is the shirt now?" persisted Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Where do you suppose it is? Where do you imagine it is? I'll tell you where it is, Mrs. Spoopendyke, it's gone to Bridgeport, as a witness in a land suit. Idea! Ask a man where his shirt is? You know I haven't been out of this room since I came home last night, and took it off," and Mrs. Spoopendyke sailed down stairs, and raked the fire out of the kitchen range, but didn't find the button.

"Maybe you lost it on the way home," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, as her husband came up, hot and angry, and began to pull a stuffed canary to pieces, to see if the button had got inside.

"Oh, yes; very likely. I stood up against a tree, and lost it. Then I hid behind a fence so I wouldn't see it. That's the way it was. If I only had your head, Mrs. Spoopendyke, I'd turn loose as a razor shop. I don't know anything sharper than you are!" and Mr. Spoopendyke clutched a handful of dust off the top of the wardrobe.

"It must have fallen out," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh, it must, eh! It must have fallen out. Well, I declare, I never thought of that. My impression was that it took a buggy and drove out, or a balloon and hoisted out." And Mr. Spoopendyke crawled behind the bureau and commenced tearing up the carpet.

"And if it fell out, it must be somewhere near where he left his shirt. Now, he always throws his shirt on the lounge, and the button must be under that."

A moment's search soon established the infallibility of Mrs. Spoopendyke's logic.

"Oh, yes. Found it, didn't you?" panted Mr. Spoopendyke, as he bumped his head against the bureau, and finally climbed to a perpendicular. "Perhaps you will fix my shirts so they won't fall out any more; and maybe you'll have sense enough to mend that lounge, now that it has made so much trouble. If you only tend to the house as I do to my business, there'd never be any difficulty about losing a collar button."

"It wasn't my fault—" commenced Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Wasn't, eh? Have you found that coal bill you've been looking for since March?"

"Yes."

"Have, eh! Now, where did you put it? Where did you find it?"

"In your overcoat pocket."—*Stanley Huntley.*

New York Street-Car Horses.

The average serviceable life of a horse in street railroad work is only from three to three and a half years, and the Third Avenue railroad company uses up about 600 horses a year. A knowledge of the fact might well alarm and depress any reflective horse. And yet the work laid out for the horses does not seem so very severe. Sixteen miles a day on the Third avenue line, which is, by reason of its grades, the hardest; or twenty miles on its branches are deemed a sufficient day's work for a horse. And then an effort is made to give each horse one day of rest in seven, or, failing that, to make up its equivalent to him by diminishing his hours of toil. But the fret and worry, and strain of frequent stopping and starting the car, and the continual pounding of the feet on the hard, round cobblestones, and the cruel sprains inflicted by slipping on the smooth rails, all these soon wear out the poor horse, break his heart, and make him a mere wreck, fit only to suffer a little longer between the shafts of a huckster's cart, or, by a happier fate, go to the knacker's yard at once. There is a good hospital here for sick horses, capable, with the gangways reserved for this use, of accommodating as many as 100 sick and lame horses at once, but, except when the epizootic was in the stables, not so many animals worth treating have been in it at one time. If a horse is used up, or very sick, it is not worth while to bother with him here. Temporary lameness, caused by slips and falls, is the principal thing treated in the hospital. Last April, when the police enforced the ordinance forbidding the sanding of the tracks, there were seventy-five horses lamed by the slippery pavements at one time. The hospital is in charge of a veterinary surgeon, whose duty it is to be on hand all day, and all night too if he is wanted, and who gets $25 a week. He has as helpers four or five skilled old stablemen, who are selected for their possession of some knowledge of rough horse doctoring, but who get no more pay than the others.—*New York Sun.*

A Georgia Dog.

The New York *Sun* tells the following: "Setter Van, of Macon, Ga., is well known as one of the best bird dogs of the land; but now he has immortalized himself. His master was exercising him in a field where a drove of cattle was grazing, and Van came to a point in beautiful form. While his master was walking slowly up, enjoying the sight, a big bull walked out from the drove and advanced upon the motionless dog with great confidence. To his astonishment, the dog didn't stir. The bull stopped, looked surprised and took a few more steps. Then he stopped and looked and again advanced, and so by degrees he reached the dog and brushed the extended tail with his nose. Then Van gave evidence of being alive by curling the tail deftly between his legs, but otherwise remained as motionless as a graven image. Somewhat emboldened by this success, the bull, apparently still in doubt, slowly put his horns under Van's hind legs and carefully lifted them a couple of feet from the ground. Van never flinched. Just then the birds arose and the master fired, whereupon the dog turned on that bull with fury, and chased him until he had fully avenged the insult."

Result of Eating Thread.

One of the most remarkable cases in materia medica was brought to light at Troy, Mo., recently, by a post mortem held to determine the cause of Mrs. John T. Green's death. Mrs. Green only recently married. She was twenty years of age. Her illness dated back two months, when she began to find it difficult to retain any food on her stomach. Her condition became alarming, and a number of physicians called into the case concluded she was suffering from a tumor, her mother having died with one. Consent was given to hold the post mortem, and the discovery was a most remarkable one. In the passage leading from the stomach to the intestines a ball made up of small pieces of silk thread was found, weighing one and one-half pounds. The passage was entirely filled by the substance. Its presences is explained by the fact that before her marriage Mrs. Green was employed in a mill upon work that made it necessary for her to frequently bite off the ends of silk threads. These she swallowed, and they formed into the ball found. The ends of the threads attached themselves to the lining of the passage, and remained there. Mrs. Green suffered greatly before her death, due to her inability to take any nourishment and retain it.

Matricide.

A French investigator of criminal statistics proves that there are 2,680 infanticides, 100 suicides, and forty-five patricides to one matricide. A man will kill his children by the dozen and attempt his own life a hundred times before he will lift a hand against his mother. At least the Caucas an man of the nineteenth century. Among the Botocudos Indians of the Orinoco, where suicide is almost unknown, a stout young man will think it a shame to let his old mother become a burden to the tribe if he can find a club to dispatch her at the first symptom of dotage.—*Felix L. Oswald.*

MAKING A NEW ARM.

A WONDERFUL OPERATION IN A NEW YORK HOSPITAL.

Cutting Strips of Flesh From a Man's Side and Back and Successfully Grafting Them on a Diseased Limb.

A recent issue of the New York *Tribune* says: A surgical operation of exceeding interest is being performed at the Hahnemann hospital. It is one of those cases that cannot be finished at a single sitting but which must be carried through various stages in a progressive way from the beginning to the end. It was begun about three weeks ago, and from the present indications there is little doubt that the result desired will be attained.

The patient is Christopher Doll, a German, thirty-one years old. He received his injury accidently. He was extremely fond of smoking a pipe. One evening about nine months ago he was enjoying a quiet smoke in his room and while reading fell asleep. In some way the pipe which he still held in his mouth was overturned, and the hot ashes fell from the bowl upon his shirt sleeve and set it on fire. It smothered a time and burned several small holes in the sleeve, and then it burst into a flame and the sleeper was aroused. The fire had reached his flesh, and he tore at the burning cloth madly. He rolled over on the floor, and finally the flame was extinguished. His right arm from the wrist to the shoulder was terribly burned, and it looked as if the flesh could be scraped from the bone without trouble. The pain was intense, and from the nature of the wound it appeared as if the arm would have to be amputated close up to the shoulder. Private medical treatment was tried for a time, but as it did not accomplish any material benefit Doll went to a hospital. He remained under constant care for two months. By this time the fore-arm had healed, leaving a frightful scar, with the cicatricial tissue drawing in every direction. Despite the most persevering treatment the upper portion of the arm from the elbow to the shoulder could not be healed. The patient went to several hospitals, but could get no relief. There was such a large surface of exposed flesh in the wound that the pus formation was unusually large, and the antiseptic precautions which were taken did not prevent the absorption of the poisonous matters into the patient's system. Thus a dangerous condition of blood poisoning was set up. He grew pale and emaciated, lost his strength and courage, and when he was admitted to the Hahnemann hospital, about two months ago, he was a living skeleton with hardly muscular power enough left to raise his hand.

As soon as he was admitted measures were taken to stamp out the blood contamination, which were eventually successful, and the patient began to recover strength. When he got strong enough and his body was sufficiently free from the incidental disease, it was determined by the attending surgeon to make a new upper arm from the flesh of the patient's body, and to heal up the wound by covering it over with healthy tissue. At first small pieces of flesh were taken from various parts of his body and placed in different spots upon the raw shoulder as a matter of experiment, to determine whether the flesh could be successfully grafted. The experiment was successful. The little pieces of flesh and skin united and made little oases on the diseased shoulder. These minor operations were performed several days apart and without the use of any other than a local anæsthetic. Everything had gone on so well that about ten days ago it was determined to begin the more important part of the operation, which consisted in covering up a large portion of the arm at one time with flesh. The patient was first put under the influence of an anæsthetic. Then all the cicatricial tissue upon the upper arm was scraped with a knife until it bled profusely and was entirely raw. While the arm was held away from the body two incisions were made about three inches apart running upward from the small ribs for about seven inches. At the lower end of these incisions a crosscut was made, and then the strip of flesh was dissected up from the ribs, the full length of the incision, making a large flap. This was left united at the upper end. Then the patient's arm was brought close to his side and this loose flap was laid over on the raw flesh on the arm and carefully pressed and fitted into position. When this had been done there was still a large section of the upper back arm remaining uncovered. Two incisions were again made similar to the first two, running up and down the upper portion of the side of the back. The flesh was thick at this point, and permitted a free dissection. While the upturned flesh was yet palpitating with the heart influence, it was put over the bleeding surface of the arm and fitted into place. Then the two flaps were securely fastened into position by long bands of sticking plaster, while larger bands were run over the lower portion of the arm and around the abdomen and back, and interlaced so that all motion of the arm was stopped. After the whole wound had been covered with an antiseptic dressing, the ether cone was taken off the patient's face, and he soon recovered consciousness. He suffered little from the shock, and the hemorrhage was comparatively slight.

The arm was kept securely fastened to his side for a week, and the wound was carefully dressed every day. At first it was not thought that the flesh from the side would adhere to the flesh on the arm, but after two days it took a firm hold and grew as if it belonged there, and little shoots of new flesh branched out in every direction. Two days ago the ends uniting the two flaps to the body were severed, the loose portions were drawn around the under side of the arm, the edges trimmed so as to make it a perfect fit, and were then united with sutures. In continuing the operation it will be necessary to alter the shape of the flaps in some places. Only a little sloughing has taken place, and this has had no injurious effect. The arm now presents a comparatively natural appearance. The biceps muscle will be somewhat restricted until it gets used to the new covering, and then it will move as freely as ever. The patient is physically strong, and since the pain has subsided in his arm has improved preceptibly, and the prospects are that he will be able to leave the hospital in about a week with a new arm.

In no part of the Southern Hemisphere is population increasing so rapidly as in Sydney. In 1870 the population of the city and its suburbs was about 140,000; at the close of 1885 it was estimated at 290,000, having more than doubled in fifteen years.

The lines that tailors hang clothes on —Mascu-lines.